

T H E
OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES,
For the Y E A R 1778.

'TIS not enough to trudge the Country round,
O'er Hedge and Ditch, through Dirt and miry Ground,
To carry News, and let your Honours see
How Things go on, and how they ought to be;
But we must go to ——— what d'ye call the Spring?
Ere the Surloin or Tankard you will bring;
While others groan, and think their Burden great,
We bear with them, besides, this added Weight. —
Time was indeed we got some Scholar's Theme,
But, since poor *Dodd*, not one will write his Name;
Except to pay a Tradesman's Bill, or so,
They're quite indiff'rent now how Matters go;
And what, my jolly Masters, can I tell ye,
Shiv'ring with Cold, and pinch'd with empty Belly?
Nothing, I fear, but what before you knew;
Some Lies mayhap, and some mayhap is true.

Our gracious Queen, forever good and mild,
Heav'n blefs 'em both, has got another Child;
'Tis good to have the Family increase,
Nor much amiss, I hope, to pray for Peace.

Now o'er the vast Atlantic let us sail,
Our Ship the Muse,—God send a prosp'rous Gale; —
But how through Death and Slaughter shall I lead ye?
Myself, tho' bold, begin to fear already;
From *Philadelphia* see the *Yankees* skip,
Like yelping Curs, or from such Curs the Sheep;
A late Gazette will tell their bloody Fall,
Which was so long—I never read it all.

Tho' big with Horror, I must now relate,
Thy Fall *BURGOYNE*, and *FRASIER*'s hapless Fate:
Thy Fall, alas! — thy Country too I fear,
Demands, as well as Thee, the filial Tear.
They talk of *Minden*, — Curse upon the Name —
I wish some Folks were fairly brought to Shame; —
But where's the Men we truly can rely on?
They're paid, we cheated, and like Fools may cry on.

Then think, my worthy Masters, this cold Weather,
How the World slides, and who and who's together;
Behold your faithful Newsman's thread-bare Coat,
Shoes without Soles, and Purse without a Groat;
Himself half famish'd, and benumb'd with cold,
Then, if you can, the helping Hand withhold; —
I know, like *Britons*, you'll a *Briton* save,
And ne'er let Hunger bring Him to the Grave.